THE
City-VVifes PETITION,
AGAINST
COFFEE.

Presented to the Publick Consideration, the Grand *Inconveniencies* that accrue to their SEX, from the Excessive Drinking of that Drying, and Enfeebling *LIQUOR.*

To the Right Honourable, the Worshipfull Court of *Female Assistants,*

The humble Petition and Address of several Thousands of Buxome Good VVomen, Languishing in Extremity of want.

Sheweth.

THat since 'tis Reckon'd amongst the Glories of Our Native Country, To be a *Paradise for Women* : The same in our Apprehensions can consist in nothing more than the brisk *activity* of our Men, who in former Ages were justly esteemed the *Ablest performers* in Christendom; But to our unspeakable Grief, we find of late a very sensible *decay* of that true *Old English Valour* ; Our *Gallants* being every way so *Frenchified*, that they are become meer Cock sparrows flattering things that come on *Sa sa*, with a world of Fury, but are not able to *stand* to it, and in the very first Charge fall down *flat* before us. Never did Men wear *greater Breeches*, or carry *less* in them of any *Mettle* whatsoever. There was a glorious Dispensation ('twas surely in the Golden Age) when *Lusty Lads* of *seven* or *eight hundred* years old, *Got* Sons and Daughters; and we have read, how a Prince of *Spain* was forced to make a Law that Men should not Repeat the *Grand Kindness* to their wives, above *Nine* times in a night: But alas! alas! those forward Days are gone, the dull *Lubbards* want a *Spur* now, rather than a *Bridle* being so far from doing any works of *Supererrogation*, that we find them not capable of performing those Devoirs which their *Duty* and our *Expectations* Exact.

The Occasion of Insufferable *Disaster*, after a serious Enquiry, and Discussion

sion of the point by the Learned of the *Faculty*, we can attribute to nothing more than the Excessive use of that newfangled, abominable, heathenish Liquor called *Coffee*, which Robbing Nature of her choicest *Treasurs*, and *drying* up the *Radical Moisture*, has so *Eunucht* our Husbands, and *Crippled* our more kind *Gallants*, that they are become as *Impotent*, as Age, and as unfruitfull as those *Deserts*, whence that unhappy *Berry* is said to be brought.

For the continual sipping of this pittiful Drink, is enough to *bewitch* Men of two and twenty, and tie up the *Codpice point* without a Gnat'm. It renders them that use it as *Lean* as Famine, as Riveld as *Envy*, or an old meager Hagg overridden by an Incubus. They come from it with nothing *moist* but their snotty Noses, nothing *stiff* but their Joints, nor *standing* but their Ears: They pretend 'twill keep them *walking*, but we find by scurvy Experience, they *sleep quietly* enough after it. A Betrothed *Queen* might trust her self a Bed with one of them: nor can all the Art we use revive them from this Lethargy, so unfit they are for Action, that like young Train-band-men when called upon duty, their *Ammunition* is wanting; peradventure they *present*, but cannot give *fire*, or at least but *flash in the Pan*, instead of doing Execution.

Now let any Doating Superstitious *Cato*'s shake their Goatish *Beards*, and tax us of *Immodesty* for this Declaration, since 'tis a publick Grievance, and cries aloud for Reformation *weight* and *Measure*, 'tis well known, should be throughout the World, and there is no torment like Famishment. Experience witnesses our Damage, and Necessity (which easily supercedes all the Laws of Decency) justifies our complaints: For can any Woman of *sense* or *spirit* endure with Patience, that when privileg'd by Legal Ceremonies, she approaches the Nuptial Bed, expecting a Man that with *sprightful* Embraces, should Answer the Vigour of her Flames, she on the contrary should only meet *A Bed full of bones*, and hug nie a ger useless Crops rendred as *lapless* as a *Kix*, and *dryer* than a *Pumice-Stone*, by the perpetual Fumes of *Tobacco*, and bewitching Effects of this most pernitious *Coffee*, whereby Nature is *Enfeebled*, the *Offspring* of our Mighty Ancestors *Dwindled* into a Succession of *Apes* and *Pignies*: And.

..... The Age of Man.

Now Cramp't into an Inch, that was a Span.

Now is this (though more than enough) all the ground of our complaint: For besides, we have reason to apprehend and grow *Jealous*, That Men by frequenting these *Stygian Tap-houses* will usurp on our Prerogative of *Tatling*, and soon learn to excell us in *Talkativeness*: a Quality wherein our Sex has ever claimed preheminence: For here like so many *Frogs* in a *puddle*, they sup up muddy Water, and murmur insignificant Notes till half a Dozen of them *out babble* an equal number of us at *Gossipping*, talking all at once in confusion, and runing from point to point as insensibly, and as swiftly, as ever the Ingenious

Pole

Pole wheel could run divisions on the *Base-Viol*; Yet *in all their* Prattle, every one abounds in his own *Sense*, as stifly as G. K. did at the late Dispute at *Turners Hall*, and submits to the Reasons of no other Mortal: So that there being neither Moderator nor Rules observed, you may as soon fill a Quart Pot with *Syllogisms*, as profit by their Discourses.

Certainly our Country-mens Pallats are become as Fanatical as their Brains; How else is it possible, they should *Apostatize* from the good old Primitive way of Ale drinking, to run a Whoring after such Variety of Destructive Forreign Liquors, to trifle away their Time: *Scald* their *Chaps*, and spend their Money all for a little *Base*, *Black*, *Thick*, *Nasty*, *Bitter*, *Stinking*, *Nauseous* Puddle-Water; Yet (as all Witches have their Charms) So this ugly *Turkish* Enchantress by certain Invisible Wyres attracks both Rich and Poor; So that those that have scarce Two-pence to buy their Childrens Bread, must spend a Penny each Evening in this *Insipid* Stuff. Nor can we send one of our Husbands to call a *Midwife*, or to borrow a *Glister-Pipe*, but he must stay an Hour by the way, Drinking his two *Dishes*, and two Pipes.

At these Houses, (as at the *Springs* in *Africk*) meet all Sorts of Animals, whence follows the Production of a Thousand Monster Opinions and Absurdities; Yet for being dangerous to the Government, we dare be their Compurgators, as well knowing them to be too Tame and too Talkative to make any Desperate Polititians: For though they may now and than Destroy a Fleet, or kill ten Thousand of the *Turks*, more than all the Confederates can do, Yet this is still in their politick Capacities, for by their personal Valour they are scarce fit to be of the Life Guard to a Cherry Tree: And therefore, though they frequently have not Contests about most Important Subjects; Whether the Great Turk be a *Lutheran* or *Calvinist*, Who *Cain's* Father in Law was, *&c* Yet they never fight about them with any other, save our Weapon, the Tongue.

Some of our Sots pretend tippling of this boiled Soot cures them of being Drunk; but we have reason rather to Conclude it makes them so, because we find them not able to stand after it: 'Tis at best but a kind of Farthing a Fox to Hunt him more eagerly afterward: A rare Method of Good *Husbandry*; to enable a Man to be Drunk three times a Day? Just such a Remedy for *Drunkenness*, as the Popes allowing of *Stews*, is a means to prevent *Fornication*: The Coffee-House being in Truth, only a Pimp to the Tavern, a Relishing Soop Preparative to a fresh Debauch: For when People have swill'd themselves with a Morning draught of more Ale than a Brewers Horse can carry, hither they come for a Penny Worth of Settled brain, where they are sure to meet anew Lazy Pragmatical Companions; that

that resort here to prattle of News, that they neither understand, nor are concern'd in: And after an Hours impertinent Chat, begin to consider a Bottle of Claret would do Excellent well before Dinner, Wherenpon to the Bush they all March together, till every one of them is as Drunk as a *Drum*, and then back again to the *Coffee-House* to drink themselves Sober; Where three or four Dishes a peice, and Smoaking, makes their Throats as dry as Mount *Ætna* enflamed with Brimstone: So that they must away to the next *Red Lattice*, to quench them with a dozen or two of Ale, which at last growing Nauseous, one of them begins to extol the Blood of the Grape, what rare Lampoon, and Racy Canary may be had at the *Mytre*: Say's thou so? cry's another, *Let's then go and replenish therewith our Earthen Vessels*: So once more they troop to the Sack-shop, till they are Drunker than before; And then by a Retrograde Motion, stagger back to Soberize themselves with Coffee. Thus like *Tinnis Balls* between two Rackets, The *Fopps* our Husbands are Bandred too and fro all Day between the *Coffee-House* and *Tavern*, whilst we poor Souls sit Weeping all alone till Twelve at Night, and when at last they come to Bed, smoakt like a *West-Phalia Hogs head*, we have no more comfort of them than from a *Shotten Herring* or a dryed *Butrusse*; Which forces us to make up this Lamentation, and sing.

Tom Farthing, Tom Farthing, where hast thou been, Tom Farthing?
Twelve a Cloak e're you come in, Two a Cloak e're you begin,
And then at last can do nothing: VVould make a VVoman weary, would make a VVoman weary, *&c.*

WHEREFORE, the Premisses considered, and to the end that our Just Rights may be restored, and all the Ancient Priviledges of our Sex preserved Inviolable; That our Husbands may give us some other Testimonies of their being Men, besides their Beards, and wearing of Empty *Pantalloons*: That they no more run the hazard of being *Cuckold* by *Dildo's*: But returning to the good old strengthning Liquors of our Forefathers; That Natures Exchequer may once again be Replenisht, and a Race of Lusty Hero's beget, able by their Atchievements, to equal the Glory's of our Ancestors.

WE *Humbly Pray*, That our Trusty Patrons would improve your Interest, That henceforth the Drinking *COFFEE*, may in severe Penalties be forbidden to all Persons under the Age of Threescore; And that instead thereof, *Lusty nappey Beer, Cock Ale, Cordial Canary's*, Restoring *Malago's*, and *Back recruiting Chochalet*, be Recommended to General Use, throughout the *Utopian* Territories.

In Hopes of which Glorious Reformation, *Your* Petitioners *shall readily* Prostrate *themselves, and ever* Pray, &c.

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